

Prin. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they adventure vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee le set vpon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

Po. Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change after we leaue them; and sirra, I haue cales of buckrom for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Po. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred cowards as euer turnd backe: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear armes. The vertue of this ieast will be the incomprehensible lies, that this same fat rogue will tell vs when wee meete at supper, how thirtie at least he fought with what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lyes the ieast.

Prince. Well, Ile go with thee, prouide vs all things necessarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile suppe: farewell.

Po. Farewell my Lord.

Exit Paines.

Prin. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The myokt humour of your idlenes,
Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beautie from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him,
If all the yeere were playing holy-daies,
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
So wh n this loose behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By how much better then my word I am,
By to much shall I satisfie mens hopes,
And like bright mettall on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes
Then that which hath no foile to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men thinke least I will.

Exit.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Holshur.

Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath bene too colde and temperate,
Vnap to stir at these indignities,
And you haue found me, for accordingly
You tread vpon my patience, but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe
Mightie, and to be feared, then my condition,
Which hath bene smooth as oyle, soft as yong downe,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soule ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my soueraigne Liege) little deserues
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly. *North.* My Lord.

King. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger, and disobedience in thine eies:
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptorie,
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moodie frontier of a seruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we neede
Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to speake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.
Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded,
Which Harry Percy heere at Holmedon tooke,
Were, as he saies, not with such strength denied
As is deliuered to your Maiestie.
Either enuie therefore, or misprision,
Is guiltie of this fault, and not my sonne.

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Hosf.